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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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RESPONSIBILITY.

Who has not read the story sweet
Of the traveler long ago,
Climbing the weary Alpine steep
Through summer ice and snow?

Slowly and carefully he climbed,
Cutting a narrow way,
To greater heights new views to find
In the light of the summer day.

And where uncertain ways begun,
At the wild mountains' base
Stood, brave and glad, his little son,
Love written on his face.

"I'm coming, Papa," soon he cried,
"To see the grander view."
Cut safe, good paths along this side,
For I am following you."

Think you that father left behind,
One foot-place insecure?
Nay, all the hard, rough way he climbed
Each step was safe and sure.

Fathers who toll through weary days,
A grander height to seek,
Mark well how you leave the ways
For faltering feet, and weak.

Do not forget, that all they way,
Under gray skies and blue,
In every path, through every day,
Your child is following you.

THE NEW BROOD.

In the good old days of the French war, when England was so occupied upon the seas that she had little time to guard her coasts minutely, the people of Trewarne were smugglers to a man, and thrived exceedingly. There were, indeed, riding officers stationed hard by, but they were not numerous enough to interfere effectually—nor 'tis said, were they notably eager to have their hands strengthened.

But this season of prosperity and untroubled quiet came to an end. Peace to England meant the very reverse to Trewarne. It was with the utmost disgust that its people saw their old friends being replaced, or so surrounded by new colleagues, altogether unused to the ways of the district, that they could not remain harmless if they would. It was soon beyond a doubt that the revenue men were really in earnest in their endeavors to suppress the free trade.

Among the men of Trewarne the whole blame in this matter was laid upon the shoulders of John Coffin, a new man, whose energy was such that in mere self-defence his comrades were compelled to emulate his detestable activity. He was a little man, black bearded and exceedingly neat in his attire. He spoke outlandish, mincing his words after the manner of people, inhabiting the regions which lie up the country. And he interfered shamelessly with the business of his neighbors.

For example, at the edge of the cliff, some two miles to the west of Trewarne, there was a copper mine. Just above the sea level, a tunnel had been driven from the shaft to the face of the cliff. The water pumped up from the bottom to the mine was not taken to the surface, but simply raised to the level of this "adit," and so allowed to gain the sea. And the recording angel alone can tell how many a keg of good liquor, landed on the beach, has gone, into that adit, been carried to the shaft and conveyed to the surface in that great iron "kibble," a bucket which was used for hauling the ore to "grass." Once the stuff had gained the surface, it was stowed away in the engine house, to be sent in to its ultimate destination at a convenient opportunity.

Now, one night a very decent little cargo had been run. A goodly number of kegs were buried in the sand of the beach; some two score were carried up into the adit, and later on drawn to the surface of the kibble. They had been carefully disposed in the engine house, and all seemed well, when suddenly the place was invaded by a gang of revenue men. The engineer did not lose his presence of mind; he sprang to the safety valve. In a moment the room was filled with steam, and custom officers and miners were tumbling one over the other in wild confusion. But presently, John Coffin got to the safety valve and stopped the escape of steam. The miners melted away like summer clouds (being unarmed), and, a little later, saw the good liquor going off in casks to the stronghold of the revenue men. Mr. Coffin was a proud man, but there were ominous murmurs as he retired, and his name suggested many a grim pleasantry.

This sort of thing happened continually, but as the smugglers were still secure from loss if they secured one cargo in three—and as they had behind them many years of uninterrupted success—it made no great difference. Indeed, the men engaged in the traffic saw the humorous aspect in the triumphant mien of John Coffin, and for a little while thought the spectacle well worth the loss of a few kegs from time to time. It was at this time that they constructed a "cave," or store, in a big field not 200 yards away from the Custom House. But John Coffin was not content with these successes, and his ambition soon became intolerable.

Of all the young men in those parts Jim Penterrick was the most promising. There was none but knew the traditions of the smuggling, and could help if help were needed. But Jim was one of those rare spirits who make traditions. He was hardly more than four-and-twenty, tall, fair and boyish, but he had already made himself a name by the cleverness of the dodges he invented, and the magnificent coolness with which he carried them into execution. It was no wonder that Maggie Opie, the prettiest girl in Trewarne, was proud to have him known as her sweetheart.

She was a little, dark-haired creature, with cheeks tinted like wild roses, and big gray eyes that would have made conversation an easy thing to her if she had chanced to be born dumb. There was a childish innocence in them sometimes, and sometimes a reckless mischief, which Jim himself could only envy and admire.

It was said that some of his cleverest inventions had been inspired by her. And there was only one thing in her which Jim deemed unreasonable; she appeared to detest John Coffin with all the strength of her soul. It seemed to Jim that to do this in such a case was to go beyond what was necessary or appropriate. He had outwitted the man so frequently that he felt almost kindly toward him.

But one day his view of the matter was changed. Maggie reported to him certain events which had befallen her while he was away upon his last voyage to Roscoff.

Once or twice lately, she explained, it had been borne in upon her that John Coffin was much more polite to her than he had any reason to be. She had forbore to speak of the matter, because there were a multitude of smuggling stories which proved beyond a doubt that it was oftentimes convenient for such a one as she to have something of a hold over such as he. But now she could not ignore the matter any longer.

"What you'll say," she said, "I'm sure I can't think, but I hope you won't do anything rash."

It appeared then that Maggie was coming back to the village from a visit to Breach, a little church town two miles distant from Trewarne. She had hardly started when she met John Coffin.

"Good afternoon, Miss Opie," he said. "'Tis pleasant weather for the time of the year," and he stopped, so that Maggie could hardly pass on immediately.

"Is," she said, "'tis pretty weather."

"May I keep 'ee company along the road?" said the man. "'Tis a lonely old road."

Maggie raised her eyes to his; then they fluttered and fell.

"'Tis very kind of you."

They discussed a multitude of indifferent subjects. Then:

"I didn't see Mr. Penlerick when I was down in Trewarne just now," said Coffin.

"No?" said Maggie.

"I didn't see the Dream, either. I suppose she's gone to sea again?"

"How should I know?" said Maggie, innocently. "Is Jim Penlerick the man to tell a girl what are his plans?"

"Well," said Coffin, "I suppose he'll be back for Sunday, being Easter Sunday. I shouldn't think he'd be later than Thursday, for the fair's on Friday."

"Are 'ee going to the fair, Mr. Coffin," said Maggie.

The man smiled.

"If I could see you there—"

"Aw," said Maggie, "you can

see that anytime. Why the wax-works is coming that haven't been here these four years."

"Waxworks is no attraction," said Coffin contemptuously. "Give me flesh and blood."

"Well," said Maggie, "if wax-works is no attraction, I suppose you won't be there."

In a minute the subject was changed.

"'Tis a lonely life down here for one that's been used to bigger places," said Coffin. "If a man had a wife, perhaps 'twould be all he'd want. He'd have some interest in his work then; but as it is—"

"I won't bring 'ee no further, Mr. Coffin," said Maggie, interrupting him. "Many thanks for your company."

And the little man looked at her meltingly. "No need of thanks?" he ejaculated. "'Tis yours whenever you feel like it, and for so long a time as you choose."

He raised his hat with a flourish, and Maggie walked on homeward, having now reached the outskirts of the village. She knew not whether to laugh or be indignant. Finally she did both. James Penlerick and the men of the Dream landed their cargo that very night, and got it into a place of security without untimely interruption.

The next morning Maggie came to her window early and inspected the harbor which it overlooked. The Dream was there; even while she looked at it she heard a whistle, and, glancing up the road, she saw Jim Penlerick coming to call on her. So she descended quickly, heard the tale of his adventures during the time of this last absence, and, in conclusion, told her own tale.

"It looked to me," she added, "like as if the man wanted me to tell all I know, and offered to make me Mrs. Coffin in reward. Now, Jim, don't 'ee go an' do anything foolish. Perhaps he never meant it after all."

Jim laughed grimly.

"Perhaps not," he said. "All the same, I fancy a bit of a lesson would do him no harm. He can't have thought you was bad-hearted, so he must ha' fancied you could be fooled easy. And he must be cured of all such fancies as that."

Maggie flushed.

"I never thought o' that," she said. "Jim, you can do just what you like with him."

And Jim went off to his breakfast, full of thought as to how the end he had in view was to be obtained.

That afternoon he went through the village with a friend, carrying a stout post some ten or twelve feet in length. They made off in the direction of a small and secluded cove, about a mile to the west of Trewarne.

Later in the day John Coffin chanced upon a little girl who was idly wandering by the roadside. He was about to pass on, when the child spoke.

"Do 'ee know the lane leadin' to Pentrice Cove?" said the child.

"Yes," said Coffin.

"Well," said the child, "I got a message for 'ee. You must be at the top of the lane by half past seven, to meet a friend."

Coffin inspected the messenger suspiciously.

"Who sent you?" he asked.

"Aw," said the child, "she said I mustn't mention no name."

Coffin laughed.

"Well," he said, "I don't know that you need. Here, this will buy you some lollipops."

He gave the child some coppers and passed on. And he was perfectly right in the impression he carried with him, for the little girl waited until he was out of sight, and then went off as speedily as might be to Maggie Opie's home, where she reported progress and showed Coffin's gift.

"Well, done," said Maggie. "Spoil the Egyptians where and when you can. There's a good good example for that."

But at 7:30 she was talking at the cottage gate with the daughter of a neighbor, nor did she quit her homelater, when Jim Penlerick turned up and suggested a brief stroll. He had manifestly some jest to share with her.

Now, John Coffin had never doubted as to the identity of the

sender of the message. At 7:30 precisely he began to mount the hilly lane, and when he had reached the appointed place he lit a pipe and waited. For a long time no one came. He began to grow more and more impatient, knowing that the girl could have nothing on earth to keep her at this hour. And slowly there dawned upon him a dreadful doubt; could it be that she had fooled him, and was not coming at all? He put the thought from him, but only for a time. In the end he swore vehemently, and would have turned away, had not a roar of laughter suddenly arrested him. Before he could recover from his surprise he was struggling in the midst of half a dozen men, and a moment later they had overpowered and bound him, putting a gag between his teeth.

All this time they had not spoken a word, and it was still in utter silence that he was compelled to march, a man at either arm, in the direction of the Cove. Coffin did not doubt that he had fallen into the hands of smugglers resolved to revenge on him the recent injuries to the traffic they carried on. He remembered a hundred horrid tales of violence, and his heart quailed within him.

They led him onward until the sound of the sea broke on his ears, and soon he was being led by a wild and dangerous path down to the little yellow beach. His captors dealt none too gently with him when they came to the cross space of tumbled boulders at the foot of the cliff. And when they had gained the beach they led him to where a tall wooden post had been fixed in an upright position in the sand. One of the men advanced and kicked it. It quivered, but otherwise was firm, being deeply sunk, and having big stones buried about its base. And John Coffin would have cried aloud for mercy had he been able.

For he realized what they were going to do with him. They raised him and bound him about the wooden post, and he looked desperately out to sea—gagged, so that he still could not speak—and wondered how long it would be before the advancing tide would reach him.

The men moved about in silence, testing all the knots with tremendous vigilance before they moved away in a band and vanished in the blackness of the cliff's shadow.

And John Coffin was left alone to watch the slow, relentless advance of doom.

There was no moon. The clear starlight quivered in silver lines on the dark plain of the sea. He could distinguish through the gloom the glimmer of the breakers; there was a heavy ground-swell on, and he knew that, even if he had been able to shout, even if any human being had chanced to approach this lonely region of the coast after the fall of darkness, it would still be in vain to hope for rescue, since his voice would not be heard above the din of the tide.

He did not lack courage—as, indeed, he had proved beyond dispute by the conduct which had brought him into his present predicament; for to interfere seriously with the smuggling was to take up arms against a united country-side—even, he had sometimes dimly suspected, against the local magistrates who should have been glad to co-operate with him in the work. And in that work he had never been afraid. He knew that he risked his life; but he went armed, and the risk would never have troubled him had he been a free man and at liberty to fight for his life. He would have almost enjoyed the excitement. But to be bound to a post on a lonely beach, and to wait in the darkness for death, whose thundering footsteps already deafened him, was an ordeal beyond what a man is made to bear. A cold fear froze his heart. They might have taken away the gag, and he would still have lacked the power of speech. He realized that this vengeance of the smugglers was not so much a return for his interferences with their actual trade, as for the few words he had spoken with Maggie Opie; and he knew that her treachery had betrayed him. His heart was bitter against her. He was forced to admit that he had tried to draw from her some information as to the plans of the free-traders. His

profession was so dear to him that it filled his life; even if he had striven to do so, he could never have forgotten for a moment that he had been sent to protect the King's revenue. And he had stopped to talk with Maggie, in the first place, not because he knew that she possessed valuable information, but merely because he had seen no girl in all his life who was half so pretty, no girl whom he would more unwillingly have vexed. And he had endeavored to learn the secrets with which she was acquainted involuntarily and out of habit.

He had been ten minutes alone, though the time had seemed longer than the longest night to the man who is tired and cannot sleep. Suddenly he heard footsteps on the soft sand close at hand.

The men had returned. They had gained the top of the path, and then, a mode of deepening the horror of his situation occurring to them, they had returned. They did not speak word. One of them took a big red handkerchief from his pocket, folded it and bound it tightly over Coffin's eyes. Then they once more left him alone.

The thunder of the sea grew louder and more near. The wretched man could in no wise guess the distance of the waves. But terror summoned up before his blinded eyes a vision of the great, gray wall of water which gradually drew nearer and nearer. He expected to feel every moment the cold touch of the first wave, when it should break and shoot shallow up the sloping.

The very minutes seemed interminable and so filled with intolerable fear that he instantly fancied he must lose his reason immediately.

And suddenly a shock of terror threw the blood back upon his heart.

A wave had broken close at hand; the cold water had reached his feet and flooded his boots.

He waited for the next; waited, as it seemed to him, for many minutes. Possibly, he thought, the wave which had reached his feet had been one of those tremendous ninth waves with which the sea kills men when with the other eight, it has played with them as a cat plays with a wretched mouse.

He waited and waited.

Suddenly he awoke as if from a drugged sleep, and found that day was breaking. The waves were far removed. And Maggie stood in front of him, the red handkerchief in her hand.

She looked at him strangely, and and he endeavored to recall the events of the night. Maggie saw his difficulty and spoke.

"Are 'ee better now?" she said.

"'Twas me that put 'ee there. I told, and the men swore they would punish 'ee for a joke, so they fastened 'ee there, taking care to put 'ee just where the tide would stop when it came up. And I laughed over it when they came back and told me what they had done. But, soon as I was abed, I began to think what fear you would have—I could see you standing there and waiting for death; 'twas as if I stood there myself. I knew 'twas but a joke, and, Lord knows, I've no love for revenue men. So I fought against it at first. But, at last I couldn't stand against it no longer; I came out to set 'ee free."

She cut the bands, and took the gag from his mouth. In a moment Maggie was on the other side again.

"Look!" she said, "you won't make a row about it. 'Twas only a joke with them. The tide never wetted more than your feet."

John Coffin turned and looked at her in silence.

"No," he said at last, "I will say nothing. But you are hard on a man whose sin was that he thought you the prettiest maid he had ever seen."

He turned away from her and moved stiffly and slowly toward the path which led up the face of the cliff.

Maggie watched him as he went.

"I have no love for revenue men," she had said; which is curious, for when she was married six months later she took the name of Coffin.

I had this very story from a grandson of theirs, himself a coast-guard, and afterward discovered it was still told by the older folk among the inhabitants of Trewarne.

—Strand Magazine.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

Mr. Sheldon was the principal merchant in the important manufacturing town of Tormont. He piqued himself on his wealth, but he piqued himself more on the fact that he had made it all himself, and he piqued himself still more because he had made it by never allowing anybody to get ahead of him.

"That's the secret of success in life, Harry," he said one day to his favorite clerk. "Sharp, is the motto, if you wish to rise. I don't mean you should cheat; that, of course, is both wrong and ungentlemanly." (Mr. Sheldon piqued himself, also, on being what he called "a gentleman," and above all little meannesses.) "But always be wide awake, and never let anybody cheat you. I've noticed, by the by, that you've seemed rather down-hearted lately. If it's because you've your fortune yet to make, don't despair; but follow my advice. An opening will come at some time for something better than a clerkship, and though I shall be sorry to lose you, yet I'll give you up, if it's for your interest."

"Thank you," said Harry, apparently not a bit cheered up by this cool way of being told that he had nothing to expect from Mr. Sheldon, "but it's not exactly that. I suppose I shall get along somehow."

"What is it, my dear boy, then? I really take an interest in you, as you know," and so he did, so far as words were concerned. "Perhaps I can give you some advice."

"Well," said Harry, with some hesitation, "I'm in love, and—"

"In love and with only a clerk's salary to marry on," exclaimed the rich merchant. "It will never do—never do, Harry. Marriage for one like you is fastening a heavy millstone round your neck, unless, indeed," and he stopped, as if a bright thought had struck him—"unless, indeed, the girl is rich."

"She is rich, or will be, I suppose," answered Harry, "for her father is a wealthy man. But that's just the difficulty. Her father would never let her marry a poor man, and she won't marry without his consent."

"What a miserable tyrant," said Mr. Sheldon. "Gad! If I was her lover, Harry, I'd run off with her. I'd checkmate the old curmudgeon in that way; and he chuckled at the imaginary triumph he would achieve. "Pon my soul, I would. I never, as I told you, let anybody take a rise out of me."

"But would that be honorable?"

"Honorable? Isn't everything fair in love and war? I thought you had some pluck, Harry. How I would like to see the stinky old hulk rave and stump about on his gony toes—for he must be gony—when he heard of your elopement."

And he laughed till his portly sides shook at the picture he had conjured up.

"He'd probably never forgive me," said Harry, dejectedly. "And what could I do with a wife brought up to every luxury, and only a poor clerk's salary to support her on?"

"Never forgive you? Trash and nonsense! They always do, forgive. They can't help it. Besides, do with a confidential wink, 'I think I know your man. It's that skinkflint, Meadows. I've heard of your being sweet on his daughter. She's his child. Oh, you needn't deny it. I saw how you hung about her at our party the other night, and when I joked about it with my daughter the next morning, she as good as admitted that it was true, saying it would be a very good match for you. Now, I owe old Meadows a grudge. He tried to do me in those railroad shares last winter, and I mean to pay him for it somehow. I'll tell you what I'll do, I mustn't ask, mind you, who the girl is. Mum must be the word. I mustn't, of course, be known in the affair, but I'll give you a leave of absence for a month, and a check for fifty pounds to pay for your wedding trip, if you'll make a runaway match. Is it agreed?"

"Well, there's my hand on it. Here's the check. Egad! won't the old rascal howl when he hears how we've done him?"

Harry seemed to hesitate, how-

ever, and it was not till Mr. Sheldon eager to see his commercial rival put at a disadvantage, had urged him again and again, and promised to stand by him, that he finally took the check which his employer persisted in forcing upon him.

The next morning Mr. Sheldon came down to breakfast in high glee, for a note had reached him just as he was shaving, which ran as follows:

DEAR SIR:—I have, with much difficulty, persuaded him to elope. It was not, however, till I showed her your check that she would consent to do so. She said that she was sure you would not recommend anything that was wrong, that you would advise her as if you were her own father; and she hopes you will stand by us. We shall be married to-morrow, before Mr. Meadows is up.

Very thankfully,
HARRY CONRAD.

The old gentleman brought the note to the table, opened it out before him, adjusted his spectacles and read it over and over again.

"I'd give a ten-pound note," he said chuckling, "to see the old fellow's face when he hears how Harry has done him."

It was the custom of Mr. Sheldon to read his newspaper at breakfast, while waiting for his only child and daughter who, a little spoiled by over-indulgence, was generally late.

But this morning Mattie was later than ever.

The banker had read all the foreign as well as the home news, and still she had not made her appearance.

"The lazy puss!" he said at last. Then he looked at the clock. "Half an hour late! Now this is really too bad. John," he cried, addressing the man-servant at the sideboard, "send and see why Miss Sheldon doesn't come down. Tell her," with a severe air, "I am tired of waiting."

John came back in about five minutes looking very much flustered.

"If you please, sir," he stammered "Miss Sheldon is not in her room, and the maid says, she says, that the bed looks as if it hadn't been slept in all night."

The rich merchant's jaw fell. If there was one thing he loved better than money, better even than life itself, it was his motherless child. What had become of his darling? What awful tragedy was about to be revealed to him? Had she gone out for a walk the evening before and stumbled into the river? No; he remembered parting with her at ten o'clock. Had she been looking from the window of her room and fallen out?

He started up, with a cry of agony, to go and see, beholding in imagination her mangled and lifeless form. But he was prevented by the footman appearing at the door with a telegram.

"A telegram?" cried the merchant unfolding it with trembling hands. "What can it mean? Has she been found dead anywhere?"

This was the telegram:

DEAR FATHER:—Harry and I were married at 8 o'clock this morning. I would not consent to an elopement till Harry assured me you had advised it, and had shown me your check as proof. He says you promised to stand by us, and I know you pride yourself on never breaking a promise. We wait for your blessing.

MATTIE.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Sheldon, when he had recovered breath. "The impudent, disobedient!"

But here he stopped—stopped and mopped his bald head, which, in his excitement, had broken out into great drops of perspiration. He remembered in time that both the butler and footman would overhear him. He remembered, also, that he had himself advised Harry to elope, and that if the story got wind he would be the laughing stock of the town, including, hardest of all, Mr. Meadows. He remembered, too, that she was all in all to him. So he accepted the inevitable and telegraphed back:

You may come home, and the sooner the better, so as to keep the fifty pounds for pin money. Tell Harry he's too smart to remain a clerk, and that to-day I take him into partnership. Only he must remember that partners never tell tales out of school. God bless you.

H. SHELDON.

The runaways returned by the next train. The marriage proved, too, an eminently happy one. The story never got out. We only tell it now in confidence.—Hours at Home.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'N'orth the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE Southern Institutions are taking exception to Miss Garrett's work at the Atlanta Exposition, particularly the announcement that her mission is to "introduce oral teaching in the South." The North Carolina and Kentucky Institutions claim that oral teaching is practised by expert teachers in their schools, and also that every Southern Institution for educating the deaf gives due attention to this particular method.

According to the *Annals* for January, 1895, the Southern Institutions had oral teachers as follows: Virginia Institution, 1; West Virginia, 1; North Carolina, 4; South Carolina, 3; Georgia, 1; Florida, 1; Kentucky, 4; Tennessee, 5; Alabama, 3; Mississippi, 2; Arkansas, 1; Louisiana, 2; Texas, 3 for white pupils, 2 for colored pupils.

The principals of all these Institutions have a good knowledge of the possibilities of the oral method, and Miss Garrett's exhibition at Atlanta will do little for their education and much excite to the wonder of the public and engender misapprehension of the scope and general effectiveness of oral teaching. The oralist missionaries are very active, and classes of orally instructed pupils are becoming a side-show at all the big expositions. This may be a successful way of "introducing" oral teaching, but it strikes one as having too much of the hippodrome about it.

Be it understood, we are not railing at oral teaching. Oral teaching is all right when it is not carried to such excess as to become an abuse and an imposition. Some of the oral teachers are too fond of asserting that the method they practice is opposed by those who believe in the "combined system." The very fact that oral teaching figures quite largely and prominently in "combined" schools is enough to refute such statement. The advocates of the "combined system" firmly and truthfully maintain that the oral method is not the *only* method, and that no single method can be adapted to the requirements of all the deaf. At exhibitions such as the one now staged at Atlanta, the impression is conveyed to the public that oral teaching will do all things in the education of all the deaf. The true friends of the deaf object to disseminating any such erroneous ideas, and they have the cordial support of the leading and best-educated deaf men in the Union, because these latter realize how different it would have been had they been educated under the repressive method instead of the broad and complete system which includes all methods.

ONE of the *Mr. Airy World's* "smartest" writers ridicules a deaf lady for saying that something "dawned on her mind, gradually like a flash." We are charitable enough to presume the punctuation was more at fault than the lady's method of expression. For instance a suggestion comes to one; it "dawns on the mind gradually," then, "like a flash," the solution (or conclusion) is reached. But this "smart" writer makes a greater blunder when he adds, "A gradual flash is a *sine qua non*." Possibly the reason why Editor Gruver allowed

such an incongruous expression to get into print, is that it has been agreed that this particular writer's contributions shall not be edited. It is not a mark of extraordinary wisdom to depreciate the favors that are conferred by a judicious use of the potent blue pencil.

DR. E. M. GALLAUDET, President of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., will speak before the School Board of the City of Chicago upon the topic of methods of instructing the deaf. At this juncture it is highly important that a little light be thrown on the matter, as the authorities having charge of the Day Schools of that city are likely to establish an educational policy that will prove either beneficial or detrimental to the deaf. As an authority on methods, no man living is better qualified to give sound advice than Dr. E. M. Gallaudet.

EYES AND EARS IN HER PIN- GERS.

HELEN KELLER'S METHOD OF "FEEL- ING" EMOTIONS WHICH THOSE ABOUT HER EXPERIENCE—SINGS WELL WITH ANOTHER—MEN WHO RECOGNIZE OTHERS THROUGH THEIR OLFACTORY NERVES ONLY— AN AID SOCIETY OF SENSES.

(New York Herald, Nov. 10.)

Helen Keller, the deaf and blind girl who has been rendered famous by the triumph of special sense development over her infirmities, is now completing her education in a private school for the deaf in New York City. I had an interesting conversation with one of the principals of the school a day or ago. He said that since the girl had been under his care he had been teaching her to sing with great success. Placing her finger on the throat of a singer, she is able to follow notes covering two octaves with her own voice. I mean that she sings synchronously with her instructor. The only difference between her voice and that of a normal person is in its resonant qualities. So acutely developed has her sense of touch become, that by placing her hand upon the frame of a piano she can distinguish between two notes not more than half a tone apart.

It is a well known fact that the volume of one note of any instrument is made up not only of its own tone, but also of from five to twenty overtones. It is this overtone quality in the human voice which gives it its resonance—this resonance being produced by reverberations of the voice through the cavities which communicate with the nose and throat. As the acoustic properties of these cavities are very much damaged in the blind and deaf, their voices resemble the pitch of a tuning fork, which has practically no overtone. The peculiar "timbre" of the voice of the deaf can only be understood by listening to them speak.

The gentlemen to whom I have referred above said that the mind of Helen Keller, owing to the special efforts which had been made to educate her, was far more finely developed than that of any girl of her age that he knew. He also spoke of the remarkable development of her senses of taste and smell. He said that she was always conscious of the presence of another person, no matter how noiseless his entrance into the room in which she was at the time being. He explained this knowledge by the acuteness of her sense of smell. She is able to detect presence by odor. He said her sense of taste was very pronounced, and that she could not be persuaded to take food which she disliked.

FEELS EMOTIONS IN OTHERS.
He told me something else about her sense of touch which seems miraculous to me—well acquainted as I am with all the possible developments of special senses. By placing her hand on the face of a visitor she is able to detect shades of emotion which the normal human eye absolutely fails to distinguish. In other words, her sense of touch is developed to such an exquisite extent as to form a better eye for her than are yours or mine for us. And what is more, she forms judgments of character by this "touch-sight."

This unusual development of the sense of touch, smell and taste, in Miss Keller, recalls to my mind the famous James Mitchell, whose case is reported in medical works. This boy was born blind and deaf, and lost, very early in life, the finer qualities of his sense of touch, as well as of his general sensation. But to make up for this universal affliction, he developed in time a "flair" equal in many respects to that possessed by the best breed of pointers and setters. Each person that he met was individualized in his memory by odor, and he was able to draw sharp distinctions in this way between various people. Nay, more, from their odor it became possible for him to form excellent opinions of their respective characters. The olfactory centres in this boy must have been unusually developed.

INTRODUCTION BY ODOR.

Another case of much the same kind is now living in the person of a man who resides in one of the towns on the Hudson River. He is deaf and blind, and uses his sense of smell to recognize and distinguish those with whom he comes in contact.

Upon first introduction he takes hold of the hand of the person so presented and sniffs at it with his nose, just as the dog seems to gather with his sensitive nostrils and store every scent that is in the breeze.

Having thus firmly established the identity of the odor peculiar to this individual, the man in question is able to recognize the person when he or she passes in the street at moderately close quarters.

This manifest possibility of the extreme development of the sense of smell, reminds me of the Brittany peasant whom Diderot mentions in his *Annals*. This man had constructed a cabinet, or "harmonium," of odors, which he brought with him to Paris, and with which he proposed to give concerts in the metropolis which should have the same delightful effect upon the nose of his audience as do the strains coming from an orchestra led by Seidl or Dambrosch upon the ears of a fashionable New York assemblage. Unfortunately, the peasant was dubbed as an insane man and went back to his own home with more experience than money. The sense of smell was so vestigial in the fashionable of Parisians of that day, that any attempt to work on their feeling through it seemed pure folly and idiocy to them.

As regards the sense of taste there is very little literature to be found. As a matter of fact, it is a difficult thing to discriminate between the sense of taste and the sense of smell, as our means of identification of separate articles of food. Fibres of the olfactory nerves are distributed round the mucous surfaces of the mouth, and it is certainly true that in many cases, such, for instance, as that of tea and coffee, our fondness for or aversion to such articles of diet is mainly founded on their odor and not on their taste.

I think the tendency of all that I have said will establish the fact that there is a very undoubted mutual aid society of the senses, and that when one of its members is lost or disabled, the other members more than succeed in making good the part played by their missing sister. S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.

THE MAYOR'S LINGUISTS.

A LEARNED FRENCH DEAF-MUTE CALLS, AND FINDS TRANSLATORS READY.

M. E. Grioloet de Geer, a Frenchman, 77 years old, called on the Mayor yesterday with a letter of introduction from the French Consul-General. M. de Geer said that he was a numismatist and a member of many learned societies. He speaks no English, and he is a deaf-mute. He has established a deaf-mute school in Paris, and his object in calling on the Mayor was to get a letter, so as to enable him to visit the various deaf-mute institutions of this city.

The Mayor knows neither French nor the deaf-mute sign language. But Secretary Job Hedges knows deaf-mute language and Clerk Burrows knows French, so the conversation was carried on in this way. M. de Geer made signs to Hedges, who translated the signs into letters for Burrows, who in turn translated the words for the Mayor. Then Mr. Burrows wrote out a translation of the Mayor's remarks for M. de Geer, and the conversation, though slow, seemed to interest all four. M. de Geer got what he wanted, and went away much pleased.—*New York Sun*.

UPSIDE DOWN

AND BACKWARDS. REV. MANN WRITES A PECULIARLY LEGIBLE HAND.

Rev. Austin W. Mann General Missionary to Deaf Mutes in the Midwestern Dioceses, of Gambler, Ohio, is in Cincinnati. He made the *Enquirer* a very pleasant visit yesterday, giving something of an account of his work in his characteristic way. Genius is the one word that fits Rev. Mr. Mann. In this instance it is no misnomer, as is so often the case. While the *Enquirer* editorial rooms he illustrated a most wonderful art that he alone possesses. When talking he will stand facing one, his tablet direct to the person addressed, and resting at an angle of about 45 degrees, an open book, so to speak, from which one is reading. He will then take his pencil, and write, and while he writes the one to whom he is talking reads. Thus he carries on conversation, tracing from 30 to 40 words each minute, and in a pretty, legible hand. In a word, he writes his words backward and upside down rapidly and gracefully, and he is the only person in the world who has mastered the art. Rev. Mann modestly says the art can be learned as easily as one can learn to write in the ordinary way.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, Nov. 5.

Church Services at Tarrytown.

I was informed that there were two deaf-mute ladies looking for St. Mark's Church at Tarrytown last Sunday. They wished to attend the service there. Please send me the names and addresses of those who wish to attend, and I will notify them of the service to be held there in December.

The next services will be conducted in the basement of the Rectory of St. Mark's Church, which has just been fitted up as a chapel.

C. W. VAN TASSELL,
North Tarrytown, N. Y.
P. O. Box 39.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The First of the Faculty Lectures.

A DECIDED FOOTBALL VICTORY.

Brevities.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Friday night we went abroad with Prof. Chickering, but I've come back to tell you about it. As the first of the series of Faculty lectures, Prof. Chickering illustrated his eleven weeks abroad by magic-lantern views in the chapel, first giving us a short sketch of his trip. We went aboard a great ocean steamer of 8,000 tons and we sailed and we sailed for eleven days from New York to Hamburg, a voyage as calm as a jaunt down to Mt. Vernon. Only going to Mt. Vernon one couldn't see Portuguese men-of-war, or flying-fish, porpoises and tall light-houses. Nor would one enter the choppy English Channel, the North Sea, the Elbe, and land at last in that thousand-year-old city of Charlemagne, Hamburg. On we went through Holland, the land of canals and dikes and windmills; the land honored by the names of William the Silent and our own Pilgrim Fathers. Then came Cologne with that most magnificent of Gothic cathedrals, begun in 1248, its towers mounting aloft 512 feet, and finished in 1880.

Then we sailed on the Rhine, winding through its vine-clad hills where castles of ye olden times still stand. The great University of Heidelberg with its thousand and more students came next, then Lucerne with its mountain lakes and its Lion. A slide had been prepared by Prof. Chickering with the names of the views displayed, and this was frequently pictured on the sheet before a series of views. Names had been written on the slide with a sharp awl, after the glass had been coated with a gelatine film. Some of the most taking views were tinted with sunset-colors. The view of Loch Katrine with its charming blue sky, then the gathering of a sunset glow with twilight falling, then the break of dawn over the waters, was managed so skillfully as to provoke a storm of applause. Among the scenes shown were: Interlaken, the Wetterhorn in snow-clad majesty, the Matterhorn; Geneva; Chillon with its old grim prison, London Bridge; Westminster; St. Paul's; Parliament; Temple Bar; Windsor Castle; Edinburgh; Scott's Monument and well-filled Library; Balmoral; Stirling; and Loch Lomond. Although Prof. Chickering was gone eleven weeks, not a drop of rain marred the perfection of the scenes he visited, as is not often the case with less fortunate travellers.

Speaking of beautiful views, one of the most picturesque sights can be seen here on the Green on any moonlight night. It is this "silvery Southern moon" shining over the dark tower of the new Kendall-boys' building, making it look like some olden castle.

The Kendall Green Press Club has gotten itself into good working order, and I take pleasure in acknowledging my obligation to it for much reliable news from the "other side," especially am I indebted for good football items.

About two o'clock Saturday a crowd of athletic looking young men, most of them with grips in hand, boarded the Columbia cable at New York Ave. The cable's front platform was decked with a poster announcing the game of Baltimore City College with Gallaudets at Kendall Green, 4 P.M. The jolly crowd in possession of the car was the visiting team going to the fray.

'Twas a distressingly warm day for foot-ball, but warm or cold we go on raking in touch-downs. Snielau's kick-off to their 20 yard line wasn't advanced a foot, and the ball being lost on downs we rushed it steadily till Mr. Grimm made the first touchdown in two minutes, followed by Mr. Snielau's goal-kick.

Baltimores' kick-off to 15 yard line was caught, and advanced 30 yards by Mr. Hubbard. Still we gained till Mr. Rosson made a surprising fumble on Baltimores' 40 yard line. A splendid punt sent the ball over our goal-line, the wind aiding. Mr. Price next punted from our 25 yard line to centre, but was carried back. After losing 10 yards, the Baltimores punt once more. A kick-off with steady gain brought us to their 30 yard line where we lose ball on downs. Another punt by Baltimore is followed by a run by Mr. Price from our 45 yard line to their 40. On we go till Mr. Rosson makes the second touchdown, after 15 minutes' hard play. Goal try a failure, the wind being pretty high. Score 10-0.

Visitors' kick-off reaches our 5-yard line, Price returning it to our 35-yard line. Rapid sure playing gives another touchdown by Wornstall in 8 minutes. Score 16-0. Lewis fumbles Baltimore's next kick-off to our 30-yard line, but Brockhagen gently tumbles on it. Lewis gains, Dudley loses and a dispute on it. Lewis gains, Dudley loses, and a dispute on "holding" follows. The visitors fork out the official rules and beseege the umpire with "I beg your pardon, but—" The ball goes to them and is punted after no gain. Time was called after a splendid run of 25 yards by Mr. Poe from their 50 yard line, reached by our kick-off from our 25 yard line. During intermission the pump was the general rendezvous, for cool-off was the word on all sides. In second half Price returns their "kick-off" from our 15-yard line to their 20-yard. Turn about the ball is lost on "downs," now on our 35-yard line now on theirs, till it is fumbled by us and punted by them, then by Price, when on their 30-yard line we are fined 25 yards for a foul tackle. But all is gained again, Lewis helping with 15 yards, and Grimm makes third touchdown. Snielau's goal-kick brings the score 22-0 when time is called. Well you know the rest, how handkerchiefs waved triumphantly and that melodious bicycle horn, draped with buff and blue, lent its music to help Mr. Whitlock cheer. For you know last year this club gave us a glorious tussel to win by a score of 4-0.

The line-up was:—

B. C. C.	Position.	Gallaudets.
King	Right End	Wornstall
Cecil	Right Tackle	Dudley
Horne	Right Guard	Snielau
Zoller	Center	Brockhagen
Lewis	Left Guard	Hodges
Ware	Left Tackle	Brockhagen
Luhardt	Left End	Lewis
Barnely	Right Half Back	Grimm
Corning	Left Half Back	Rosson
Houghton	Full Back	Price
Poe	Quarter Back	Hubbard

Luckily no one was seriously injured, though Price was handled pretty tenderly after one of his plucky tussles in which he hurt his shoulder.

They say that Mr. Banerji's time here is growing limited; he has been visiting different college-classes lately, the Senior Psychology and Logic classes have been three times honored by his presence for the hour. Mr. Banerji, in his investigations around college, unwittingly stumbled on the "co-eds" hard at work in "gym" exercises. He didn't stay long. Saturday morning Mr. Banerji made the pleasant Mt. Vernon trip. The election was, of course, the topic last week, and it goes without saying that a number of the students went to the city in the evening to see the returns.

Photos are all the go here. '99 and '00 classes were taken, and also the stopevipes and their Juniors—I beg your pardon, I mean the Juniors and their stopevipes.

The asphalt walks lately reminded me of going to the dentist's. All the little holes were made vastly bigger, as a dentist is wont to do, then they were filled with white-filling, and now they look and feel so queer with prim little and big patches here and there.

Logic is the bane of the Seniors now. Did you ever know you can argue in two dozen different ways? But don't let's try. Here is one of the syllogisms Prof. Hotchkiss gave the Seniors:—

E. No boy is a man.

A. All football players are boys.

E. No football player is a man.

The Seniors seemed to want to argue it in each of the twenty-four different syllogisms, but time was called.

Mr. Hemstreet, '00, who is recovered from his long seige of typhoid will shortly enter the High Class in the Kendall School.

Prof. Gordon's mother is now on the Green for a winter's visit.

Taylor, '92, is now editor of the Berlin, N. Y., *Independent*.

Prof. Chickering held an enjoyable song service at his home Sunday evening. The Fellows and Normal "class" were invited.

Miss Crane has returned home after her much-enjoyed visit here.

Mr. French, the sculptor of the Gallaudet Statue, received a handsome gold-medal from the Atlanta Exposition, in honor of that well-known masterpiece.

Mr. Johnston, Principal of the Alabama School, is a guest on the Green, and finds many changes since his last call here three years ago.

The hall on the first floor of the "co-eds" suites has had its ceiling attended to. The new paper seemed to have been very carefully put on.

In the front hall just by the reception room, hangs a handsome new picture of Helen Keller by Kerr. It is life-size and beautifully framed in massive gold. The picture is a good mate to the one of Prof. Porter by the same artist, which hangs in the "Lit" Library.

The chapel Bible has been rebounded. In the large Bible on the "Lit" Library table is a curious inscription on one of the Family Record pages of Births. It is briefly this: "H. O. S. S., 1864."

They say it has been there for years, but few have seen it.

Miss Rogers killed a good-sized snake on the chapel corridor steps. How? She gently dropped a foot on it, and it died.

Repairs were made on the roof of the chapel corridor. The rain will no more fall, tap, tapping on the marble tiles.

'98 begins laboratory experiments this week.

The "co-eds" have begun parallel-bar work. Miss Leyder is still captain in gymnasium work. Miss Weicksel's plan is to divide the class into several squads with a leader to each squad, the work being classified according to strength.

The "co-eds" of '99 sent their classmate, Steward, who is sick with malarial fever, a large bunch of pink roses with an appropriate message of condolence.

The programme for the Owls literary meeting Saturday evening, was as follows:—

"What to see in Washington and how to see it." Miss Block.

Debate:—"Resolved, Woman's beauty has been an instrument of more good than evil to the world."

Affirmative, Misses Griffiths and Lamson. Negative, Misses Waters and Marshall.

The judges, Misses Kershner, Stemple and Price, decided in the affirmative.

The 2d chapter of "A College Romance," Miss Runck.

Poem, Longfellow's "The Bridge," Miss Phelps.

LAURA McDILL.

A DEAF-MUTES' CLUB.

AN INTERESTING ORGANIZATION WHERE SILENCE PREVAILS.

Recently a club composed of bright young men held a meeting at which not a word was uttered from the beginning to end. This club is the most unique of its kind in the country. It is nothing more nor less than an organization composed of deaf-mutes. It is known as the Deaf-Mute Society of New Jersey, and the clubroom is on the top floor of 755 Broad street, Newark. There is no more interesting club in the city than this, as a *Sunday Call* reporter and a friend who were guests of the members can testify. Neither visitor understood the mute sign language, yet after the first few minutes they found little difficulty in arriving at an understanding, and were able to converse with the mutes with comparative ease. A lead pencil and a pad of paper were in constant use on one side or the other. The young men of the club are so alert—and bright and grasped meanings so readily that a written word or two was all that was necessary to form the basis of what was an interesting talk, paradoxical as that may seem. When the reporter and his friend entered, one of the mute members was entertaining his fellows with a description of a series of athletic games he had seen during the afternoon. That his description of the details was graphic could be seen by the absorbing avidity with which the members watched the lightning movements of his fingers. It seemed strange at first to sit in a room with a dozen or more young men and not hear a word spoken, but the strangeness soon wore off.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society has been organized about two years and its membership is at present twenty-one, although plans are under way for increasing it and it is expected that before the winter is over the membership will be more than doubled, as there are that many young men mutes in Newark and vicinity. The officers for this year are: Arthur Lincoln Thomas, president; Paul E. Kees, vice-president; Frank C. Lenox, second vice-president; James Nash, secretary; J. B. Ward, treasurer; John Limpert, sergeant-at-arms; Messrs. Charles Lawrenz, Jr., W. Hutton and C. Hammer, executive committee.

The officers and members expect, when the membership is increased, to be able to have permanent and more comfortable quarters than the present are. This back room on the top floor is in no way attractive, nor can it be called cosy. It is merely the anteroom to a lodgroom, with nothing in it in the way of decorations. When the membership has been increased it is expected that more comfortable and home-like quarters will be secured.

At present the members use this club-room only on Saturday nights. The business meetings are held on the last Saturday night of each month. On the other Saturday nights the members assemble for social intercourse. They spend the time playing games, and in their own silent way seem to enjoy their checkers, chess, dominos, etc., like other people. Occasionally impromptu socials are held, at which ice cream and refreshments form a feature. The executive committee is now preparing a series of entertainments for the winter. One of the series will be a sign language lecture on Shakespeare and his works.

As was remarked before, all the members are young men, and they are just like other young men, except that they appear to be more frank and generous in their ways and have fewer of the petty vices. Several of them are first-class athletes. The society has held two picnics at which the athletic events

for deaf-mutes were the principle feature.

Many people will ask how do these young men make a living; well, most of them manage to get along very comfortably, despite their affliction. Most of them received their early education in the deaf-mute school at Trenton, and left there equipped to fight the battle for bread. Many of them learned the printing trade and it seems to offer unusual advantages to mutes. Another one is a photographer, and young Mr. Lawrenz attends to a livery stable business on Plane Street, and Mr. Thomas, the president of the club, is a shipping clerk and salesman in a big store in New York. He says that he manages to do the work expected of him very well, even if he does not speak or hear. He is a son of the late Major A. W. Thomas, who was well known in Newark. He was postmaster of Catskill, N. Y., and his deaf-mute son served as post office clerk for five years and filled the office very satisfactorily. He tried afterward to enter the New York post office, but the board of Civil Service Examiners rejected his application because he was a mute. The manner in which he became a deaf-mute is strange. He was born at noon, March 4, 1861, and as he came into the world cannons close by the house were pouring out salutes in honor of the inauguration of President Lincoln. The detonation of the cannons affected the auricular nerves, and he grew up a mute. Mr. Thomas is happily married and has a child about two years and six months old, who hears and speaks plainly, and at the same time can understand her aphonic father. Most of the members lost the power of speech and hearing during infancy after attacks of scarlet fever and typhoid fever. Scarlet fever seems to have caused more of the affliction than other diseases. There is one member who had learned to talk before he was afflicted, and he can understand spoken language by closely watching the lips of the speaker. He can also talk a little, but his words came slowly and indistinctly.

—*Newark Call*.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Maggie Murphy, of Troy, has been on a visit to Mechanicville, N. Y.

It is said that Will Lemmon, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., is now located in Cumberland, Md., where he has a good situation as barber.

MARRIED—Wednesday, November 6th, in Trinity Church, Utica, N. Y., by the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Mary Anna Monahan, of Utica, N. Y., to Douglas Woolver, o. Herkimer, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary C. Siegman would like very much to know the address of her old friend, Mrs. Ellsworth A. Brown, formerly of Utica, N. Y. Her address is No. 733 Helena Avenue, Braddock, Pa.

Mr. James Orr says he is not working in Paterson, N. J. He only went there during the dull season. He is still working for his father, on Nassau Street, New York, in the business which the latter established nearly thirty-five years ago.

The widowed mother of Philip Gettins having been a resident of Irwin for the past two years, recently moved back to Paintertown, one mile north of that place, where he is employed by the Pennsylvania Gas Coal Company, as it is convenient for him to work near his home.

B. F. Widamap, by invitation attended the second annual reception of the Irwin Bachelors' Club in Thompson's Hall, at the latter town, on Halloween. He reports having enjoyed himself to the utmost. There were it is estimated about one hundred and sixty-five invited guests to do honor to the club, most of whom were ladies. It is unnecessary to mention that it was a brilliant gathering.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES, NOVEMBER 17.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's in St. John, the Evangelist's Church, New York.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.
Trinity Church, Newark, Holy Communion.
Chapel of the Intercession, New York, Holy Communion, 11 A.M.

THE IDEAL.

Let your soul grow a thing apart,
Untroubled by the restless day,
Sublimed by some unconscious art,
Controlled by some divine ideal.

For life is greater than they think,
Why fret along its shallow bars;
Swing out the boom to float or sink,
And front the ocean and the stars.
—Deacon Campbell Scott.

FANWOOD.

Prof. W. G. Jones Recites Cymbeline.

JAMES H. CATON'S RE-CENT MISHAP.

News Items Gleaned from Here and There of the Past Week.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

The notice that Prof. W. G. Jones, the President of the Fanwood Literary Association, was to give a reading of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" drew a full attendance in the chapel Saturday evening, November 9th.

Vice-President Kaiser presided. While waiting for the appearance of Prof. Jones, the members were entertained by Messrs. McVea and Lamm. Mr. McVea explained how the foot-ball game between Princeton and Cornell was played at Manhattan Field in the afternoon, 6 to 0, he said, was not a large score, but the tigers did not want to exert themselves, as they had a big game on hand with Yale for November 23d, and he thought that they would on that day lower Old Eli's colors. The majority received the announcement with delight, but there are some here who think that Yale's team will triumph. Mr. Arthur Izquierdo, who was among the audience, was seen to say "wait and see."

Mr. Herman H. Lamm related the mishap that befell James H. Caton, the blind, deaf and dumb man, of Highland, Ulster Co., N. Y., last summer. One day in company with his friend and guide, Mr. H. Hamm, he went fishing. The day was hot, so they took off their clothes and went in swimming and afterwards continued fishing, never for a moment thinking about their clothes. In the meantime some one, so it seems, came around and made away with them. Later, when they discovered their loss, their despair had no bounds, but help soon came, and a kind gentleman supplied them with new suits of clothes. Mr. Caton was so delighted over his luck that he could not help "showing off" a little, and the way he exhibited his gift, must have more than repaid the donor. But the reader, no doubt will want to know if Mr. Caton caught any fish. "Cab" ought to have been there and witnessed for himself when he hauled up an eel a yard long. Slippery as eels are, Mr. Caton hauled him in as if fishing for eels was his sole occupation. So add fishing to Mr. Caton's accomplishments.

Prof. Jones had by this time arrived, and at the conclusion of Mr. Lamm's narrative, Vice-President Kaiser invited him as the entertainer. Prof. Jones is too well known to need an introduction. He is known to keep his audience spellbound from beginning to end, and last Saturday was no exception. On account of the limit of time he was only able to go through four acts, but at a future meeting of the Association he will finish the reading. Among the outsiders present we noticed Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman, Mrs. T. F. Fox, Messrs. J. Goor and J. H. Black.

I thought that the matter concerning the controversy of the best living sign maker had been disposed of long ago, but in a recent issue of the *Register*, J. of Arkansas brings the matter up again, and wants the question decided upon the rostrum before a jury. Mr. Jones never claimed to be the best sign maker, and is not responsible for the assertion of his friends and admirers who have more than once declared that he is. It is foolish to think that Mr. Jones would consent to the suggestion made by J. of Little Rock, Arkansas.

The Annual Report for the year 1894 has just been completed, and the award for the printing of the same may be given to the Kinckerbocker Press, as it will be impossible to print it at the Institution until the printing office has been equipped with the necessary printing cylinder press, type and other material, and this cannot be done until the Trade School building is completed.

Miss Mamie Smith, sister of one of the teachers here, was here on Saturday last. She is an oral teacher, having for two years been at the Providence School for the Deaf. She has been engaged as a private tutor to a little girl, four years old, in Tuxedo, N. Y., and will soon enter upon her duties.

Wonders will never cease—Helen Keller, so says S. Millington Miller, M.D., in the New York *Herald*, can sing. Principal Currier is content with learning Orris Benson to speak. Perhaps we will next hear that Helen can read the lips without using her fingers.

Dr. Wilkinson, the Principal of the California Institution, after spending several days at the Institutions inspecting the methods in

vogue here, left on Saturday for Trenton, N. J., to visit the State School for the Deaf there.

The Trade School building is slowly but surely rising skyward. The first floor has been reached. The contractor says that under favorable weather he hopes to complete it inside of six weeks.

Mr. William C. Herrick, who for several years filled the post of clerk here, but who is now connected with a downtown stationery concern, was a visitor on Sunday.

Another football game between two picked teams, is talked of for November 19th—Harvey Prindle Peet's birthday—Yale Izquierdo and Princeton McVea are to be the captains.

The tutors bloomed out in their new winter uniforms Saturday. The boys' new uniforms also arrived on Saturday, but were not distributed till Tuesday.

Tutor Shanks entertained the boys with the story of "An Australian Monster," Sunday evening.

Mr. Avery T. Brown of the Board of Directors was at the Institution last Friday.

A meeting of the Board of Directors was held at the Institution yesterday.

A. QUAD.

MONTREAL.

MACKAY INSTITUTION.

With the summer far behind us and bleak winter looming in the near distance, we now stand in that most pleasant interval which has come to be designated "Indian Summer." May it remain with us a little longer to afford us more pedestrian exercise in its bright, cool days!

When the time came for this Institution to re-open its doors to receive us again, we little knew of the pleasant surprise awaiting us. This was the completion of two large, airy playrooms, one for the boys and one for the girls, the construction of which had been going on during our absence. An entertainment is shortly to be given, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to furnishing both rooms with suitable athletic apparatus.

Our attendance of pupils this year numbers 63. Two of them, Belle and Mary Ellis, hail from Chicago, and in another we can boast of having a real Russian Jew. Halloween was celebrated here as usual with a masquerade, but this one, I may say with impunity, surpassed all previous years.

The chief fun derived from this pastime lay in the fact that while all the boys were masked, the girls were not. Hence the curiosity and interest excited as each character claimed its share of notice. Now and then an old graduate, whom we had not seen for a long time, would suddenly surprise us when the mask was moved. Daniel Jones and William Roman were two of them.

Miss Sibelle King, who had been year in training at the Northampton Institution, took Miss Grace Houghton's place in the schoolroom this term. The latter resigned her position to become a nurse in one of our large hospitals. Miss King has made herself a general favorite with all.

This Institution suffered a loss in the death of one of its physicians, Dr. E. P. Williams, who for several years had rendered his services gratuitously. His bright, cheery face will long be missed. He was only 26, and rising in his profession. The cause which cut short his promising career, was blood poisoning contracted at a post mortem examination in the Montreal General Hospital, where he had a position on the staff.

We had a short visit from Mr. Frank Wiggitt, who by the way is employed in the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa, a similar position to that Mr. James McClelland occupies. The latter has become so domesticated since his marriage that he has not yet favoured us with a visit, but we hope that he and his wife will visit us during the coming winter.

Misses Annie Nichol and Edith Stanley, two of our graduates, often drop in to see us.

Miss Emma Van Vliet has so far recovered from her former ill health that she does not contemplate another trip to Colorado this winter. We are all glad to hear such good news.

We were all pleased with a fine large out of this Institution in the last issue of the *Canadian Mute* of Belleville, also a smaller one of Mrs. Ashcroft, our Superintendent. Our Belleville friends spoke most kindly and encouragingly of our work. We hope that our old Principal, Mr. Widd, will see that notice, as he was connected with this Institution for many years. We would like to hear from him shortly.

As soon as the first cold snap comes, the boys will commence the making of a rink, the success of which we are assured, as the grounds were levelled last spring. Foot Ball is the chief sport they indulge in just at present.

J. S. M.

Nov. 6, 1895.

COLUMBUS.

Old War Papers Distributed Free.

GETTING READY FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

The Alerts Win--Brief Items of Interest.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

During the national reunion of the G. A. R., held in this in 1888, L. E. Pratt conceived the idea of printing a facsimile copy of the *Vicksburg Daily Citizen*, as issued on July 2d, 1863. At that time the city was besieged by General Grant, and undoubtedly paper upon which to print the *Citizen* had become scarce. Wall paper was used as the next best thing, and hence its issue for July 2d, that year, was printed upon wall paper. It was thought a hit could be made among the old soldiers in attendance of the reunion by striking off several tons of paper and selling it to them at five cents a copy. Accordingly, during the vacation of that year the printing press of the institution was kept running most of the time, by the foreman then in charge, getting out the paper. When the reunion came, the old soldiers did not seem to take to the paper as one does to hot flannel cakes and hence few copies were sold. Not enough to cover the expense of paper and work. What was left of the paper, was stored in the attic of the institution building of no use to anybody. The boxes containing the copies have several times been moved from one place to another, in order to make space for much-needed room, until the other week when Superintendent Jones, desiring to get rid of the stuff, had inserted the following in the newspapers:

To THE EDITOR:—We find among a lot of rubbish here thousands of facsimile copies of the Confederate newspaper, "The Daily Citizen," printed on wall paper and published at Vicksburg on July 2, 1863, during the siege of that place by General Grant. It is too interesting a paper to be destroyed, but we need the room they occupy, and shall gladly take the time to mail a copy to any person who will send us a stamped envelope already addressed. Do not send a letter, but simply send the envelope. Address, J. W. Jones, Sup't. School for the Deaf, Columbus, O.

A number of responses have been received thereto, and this morning a bevy of girl pupils were engaged in the office, mailing copies of the paper to those who have requested it.

Ex-Steward Hartnett, who is now one of the State Canal Commissioners, has gone to New York, and receive treatment for some trouble in one of his ears. He has been operated upon here, but without obtaining any relief, and hence was advised to go to New York, and place himself in the hands of one of the best ear surgeons in the country. His many friends here and elsewhere all hope that the treatment he will receive will relieve him of his trouble.

Matters have settled down to a quiet since the election, and now that the victors are known, those connected with the institution in an official capacity are are looking out for their interests, and hope to be greatly favored by the incoming legislature in the way of appropriations for many needed improvements. For it is a fact that this institution more than any other in the State seems to have been given the go-by for the past few years, getting only enough funds to meet the ordinary expenses. There is need for improvements, and if the money can only be obtained to carry them forward, the schools will be placed upon a higher plane.

The trustees meet next Thursday. At this meeting they will discuss and prepare their annual report to the Governor and Legislature. Superintendent Jones and Principal Patterson have been rushed the past week, getting the former's report ready to present to the trustees.

The entertainment committee for Thanksgiving Day evening has decided upon a programme, and are holding nightly rehearsals for their play.

The glorious rain has come at last. It just poured down yesterday and last night. About everybody's cistern was empty, and the rain of yesterday has brought joy to the woman of every household.

The Alert team tackled the Baracks Club Saturday afternoon, on the latter's grounds. About five hundred spectators were present to witness the contest, and it looked as if the boys were no match for the stalwart fellows of Uncle Sam's army, but it turned out otherwise. The first half of the game stood in favor of the Alerts 4 to 0, while the second half was still better for them, being 10 to 0, or a total of 14 to 0.

There was a game played on the home grounds Wednesday evening, between the Medical University eleven and the Alerts. It was a very unequal match, for the oppos-

ing team was composed of big, whopping fellows. They had to fight for their victory, and pretty hard too. The score was 18 to 0 in favor of the O. M. U.

John Gariety turned up here the first of the week, hailing from New York. He must have been in luck, for he looked natty and clean in a brand new suit of clothes.

The Home Fund is still on the go up, something over three hundred dollars having been added since our last report. A. B. G.

BALTIMORE.

On Friday night, November 1st, the Ladies' Committee of the Fair held a special business meeting in the Society's Hall. There was a good crowd of the deaf-mute gentlemen and ladies, and had a more enjoyable time in meeting each other in the warm and comfortable room, than if standing outside in the chill atmosphere of the streets to see a great torchlight parade of the Democratic Party on that night. Two young mute married couples, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feast, and Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Boss were there, and they looked very happy and contented.

Chairman Miss Annie B. Barry, who came home from Frederick on that evening, presided at the meeting. She announced that she wanted to know what date the society was to have a fair in its hall. Some of the mutes made some good suggestions for December, and others for February. Finally December was chosen, and it was passed. It was announced that the society will have a grand support fair on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, December 10th and 11th. The former is in honor of the birthday of Rev. Mr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of the first institution for the education for the deaf in America.

The committee has decided upon some changes in the hall for putting up the fancy article, confectionery, supper, and ice-cream tables, which will look much better than last year.

During the absence of the chairman, Miss Bertha W. Kreisel said she wished the ladies could come down to the hall every Thursday night, instead of every alternate Thursday. The ladies determined to come down every Thursday night, if they can. Now they are working diligently, making fancy articles for the fair. We expect that the fair will prove a big success financially.

One thousand tickets will be printed in the office of the *Bulletin* at Frederick this week. They will be sent down to the society for distribution to the members and friends. We expect that they sell like hot cakes.

Rev. Joseph E. Voluse, of Frederick, Md., a local Methodist preacher, was in town on October 20th, and was a guest of Mr. D. E. Moylan. On Sunday afternoon, after the service at the chapel, Rev. Voluse delivered a short address upon "How I left the wicked world, and then I became a Christian Soldier of Jesus."

On Tuesday night, Rev. Voluse gave a nice lecture in the society, and his subject was "Curse of the Drunkards." On Wednesday night, there was a prayer-meeting in the lecture room of the Columbia Avenue M. E. Church, and many of the hearing persons and some deaf-mutes were there. Rev. Voluse delivered a nice sermon in the sign-language, and he was assisted by Rev. Mr. C. E. Guthrie, who spoke for the hearing people. A vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. Voluse for his service. He went home next morning.

Rev. Mr. J. M. Koehler, of Philadelphia, came down here last Monday from Washington, D. C., where he held service on Sunday. He delivered a sermon in the chapel of Grace P. E. Church, and the attendance was large. He advised the mutes about "Living in peace with each other." He said he expected to come down here again in the middle of November, and lecture for the Guild. We are glad to know that Mr. Koehler will arrange to preach here regularly through the winter.

Mr. James Fantom, of Harford County, came to town on October 23d, to be treated at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Just as he arrived at the hospital, he fell to the floor unconscious and remained in a stupor for three or four days. As he recovered his senses, the doctors diagnosed his case, and treated him accordingly. He got better, and went home last Wednesday, much pleased with the kind treatment of the hospital attendants.

On Saturday evening, October 26th, the writer met Mr. James Stubbs, on Greenmount Avenue. James, who was struck and knocked down by a wagon, which was drawn by the runaway horse, said he was getting along very splendidly, and is healthier than he was before the accident. He is very busily employed in Philip Welsh & Sons' lumber factory.

We learned through the *Baltimore Methodist* that Prof. D. E. Moylan, a deaf-mute, gave a sermon at Garrett Park on Sun-

day, October 27th. The service was one of exceeding interest, and Pastor House cordially recommends to our ministers the introduction of such a service in their churches.

Mr. Adolphus Lingner went to Philadelphia last Thursday morning, and was to get a job in Elder, Jenks & Raborg's brush factory. But he came back that night, because of being displeased with the company about the scale of wages. He said he saw many strikers waiting for an increase in wages.

Miss Emma M. Schulte went to Orangeville, a suburban village of this city, to see her relatives three weeks ago.

Mr. James Moylan of Washington, D. C., was in town on October 19th, on business. He returned home on Monday. He expects to go South soon.

Mr. Alfred E. Feast, the Vice-President of the Society, and Miss Bessie Riall were privately married on Thursday night, Oct. 17th, by Rev. Mr. Rice, of the United Brethren Church, at Miss Riall's parents' home.

Mr. Philip C. Boss and Miss Emma E. Hopkins were married privately at Grace P. E. Church, by Rev. Mr. A. C. Powell, assisted by Layreader D. E. Moylan, on Wednesday night, October 23d.

Mr. R. E. Underwood went to Washington, D. C., on Saturday morning, October 26th, and was a guest of Moylan. He came home on Monday night, after having a most enjoyable time.

On Thursday night, October 17th, the ladies had nice social gatherings and amusements in the Society's hall. A stray dog was in the hall, and prevented people from entering. Miss Kreisel, Mrs. J. O. Amoss and Mrs. I. Kaufmann, who were to go in, were frightened and ran across the street. They were afraid that they could not enter the hall, and waited for fifteen or twenty minutes, till Mr. Wm. Smithson came down with his wife. The dog was driven from the door, and then the ladies ran into the hall with much excitement. A few minutes after, Mrs. J. A. Brandick came in alone, though the dog was again at door.

WILFORD.

ILLINOIS INSTITUTION.

A *Journal* reporter called at the Deaf and Dumb Institution yesterday and was shown around by Prof. Walker and permitted to see the various improvements which have been made and are now under way. Some of the things being done are, greatly improved sanitary water closets, which have been needed, and lavatories for the children with many conveniences connected therewith, all of which will aid matters materially. In addition, bath rooms are now in course of construction, one for the boys and one for the girls, and these will be fitted with all the modern appliances which will make them very useful. They will have tubs, shower baths, and all the conveniences for entire cleanliness. The boys' cottage now being built will also be a model of its kind. It is to be practically fireproof and conveniently situated north of the main structure, where the boys will congregate during the evenings and sleep in rooms which will leave little to be desired.

In the boiler-house three steam boilers are being put in place, so that there will be ample means for furnishing heat and power as wanted. An addition to the ice house is being constructed by the boys, under the supervision of Captain Harrison, and the instruction in the practical part of life is being put to good use and a desirable lesson taught at the same time. In the printing office a new press has been added to the outfit, and the *Advance* can now be run off in first class style, and quickly, too. Other smaller improvements are under way, for an institution like this, to be up with the times, must have the best there is going and be kept abreast with all the improvements of the day, and, as a rule, the legislatures of the great State have not been mean with these great enterprises; don't call them charities, please.

The greatest addition of the year has been the water plant, which is about completed and is expected to furnish the institution with all the soft water it will need. Probably almost every reader knows of Ashbel's pond on Lincoln Avenue, near the brook. Land has been bought there and the pond increased in size to four acres, and excavated to a proper depth, and the banks elevated so that it will contain several millions of gallons of water. The bottom is naturally puddled, so that it may reasonably be expected to be tight, and works have been erected ready for business as soon as the rain is furnished from above. The reservoir is of such size that Prof. Walker estimates 30 days rain during the year will suffice to supply the institution with good water. There is a pump at the reservoir, and it will be used to fill it after all has run in that will flow naturally, and the same force will send the water to the reservoir at the institution. For this purpose some \$8,000 has been expended, and should the system prove a success the money will have been well used.—*Jacksonville, Ill., Daily Journal*.

PHILADELPHIA.

Hallow Eve Entertainment.

SENT TO THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

A Fortnight's Budget of Interesting News.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Notwithstanding the storm prevailing in this city all last Thursday, a good number of deaf-mutes assembled at All Souls' Club to celebrate All Hallowe'en. All the active members of the Pastoral Aid Society, including several old ladies, were present, and did their best to make the evening enjoyable. The program for the evening was opened with a poem entitled "Come Home," sung in unison of signs by Mrs. Slifer, Mrs. Delp and Miss Eisele. Then a scene in a magistrate's court was displayed by Mr. Pownall, as an Irish policeman, Mr. Geo. Ash, as a court clerk, Mrs. Rocap, Mr. Gunkel, Master Syle and his mother, as prisoners. It caused much merriment. After this a mock trial was given successfully. Mr. Walwork performed some acrobatic feats.

A short play, entitled "A Search for a Wife," was played by Misses Shetty and Keen, and Messrs. Gunkel, L. Ash and Miles.

Social intercourse and some Hallowe'en games were indulged in for the rest of the evening. Apples and peanuts were liberally bought by those who were present. More than 350 tickets were sold. All the proceeds will go to the church's expense fund. About one hundred persons were present.

Miss Rudd bade good-bye to her friends and acquaintances yesterday afternoon at All Souls' Church. She has gone out West, to resume her duties at the school for the Deaf in Nebraska.

Mrs. Joseph Vancourt, her husband has been a street lamp-lighter for about twelve years, is very fond of reading the *JOURNAL*.

The work in the new Sunday School system has been so much increased that it is a real success and gives a good source of money to the missions abroad and at home. Every one thinks it a model system.

Just before the service for All Saints' Day, last Friday, the furnace in the basement of All Souls' Church exploded and the big clay pipes through which the smoke crawled from the heater into the chimney, broke down. No fire took place. It was repaired right away.

At the Deaf-Mute Mutual Athletic Club room, the following officers were elected last Friday evening: President, Townley Mondeau; Vice President and Secretary, Wm. Doughten; Treasurer, A. J. McGahan; Auditors, Messrs. David Wilson, of Nicetown, Pa., Joseph J. Tate; and Sergeant-at-Arms, George Brantis. Mr. A. J. McGahan and John Tarry, of Upland, Pa., were elected as manager and field captain of the base ball club.

Mr. Charles Pennell and Miss Laura Taylor, who were educated in the Oral Branch of Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf a few years ago, will be tied in wedlock by Rev. Mr. Koehler, in All Souls' Church, on Wednesday evening, November 27th.

Mrs. Wm. F. Durian and Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsett paid a visit to Master Walter Durian, who had been sick with bronchitis and pneumonia, at the Pennsylvania Institution at Mt. Airy, yesterday noon. Walter is getting better, and is expected to be out in a few days.

F. C. Warren, a deaf-mute, was sentenced to six months in the house of correction by Magistrate Jermon last Wednesday morning, charged with being a vagrant.

Detective Almendinger testified that Tuesday Warren called on him with a letter from the Presbyterian Hospital, which stated that he was a deaf-mute and worthy of charity. The young man communicated by writing that he wanted to go to New York and Almendinger procured him a ticket. Later in the evening the prisoner went to the ticket office at Broad Street station and wrote in a piece of paper that he wanted the ticket redeemed, and when asked for his reason, wrote that he had procured work in this city. Then the ticket-seller became suspicious and sent for Almendinger, and he took him in custody. This testimony was written out for him last Wednesday morning, and he answered in writing that he was about to go to New York when the police stopped him, but the magistrate conclude to send him to the correction. I wonder if he was once a pupil at Kendall School, in Washington, D. C.

"Genial" Mr. Thomas Breen, who has "strayed like a lost lamb" for a long time from All Souls' Working People's Club, of which he was once president, returned as a prodigal son to the club more

than a month ago. He entertained the members of the club by a recital of the manners and superstitions of the Chinese and Japanese last Thursday evening. On concluding, he was tendered a vote of thanks.

After that, Mrs. Syle gave notice that the Pastoral Aid Society will give another entertainment in aid of the current expense fund of All Souls' Church on Thanksgiving evening.

Mr. Reider announced that he had the tickets—single and season—ready for sale, and asked the members to sell them to those who want to see Rev. Mr. Koehler's "European Snap-Shots" on Thursday evening, November 21st, and again on December 5th.

Miss Mary E. Taylor, of Westchester, Pa., came to this city last Wednesday and will remain, during the cold season.

Mrs. Thomas J. Trist, nee Knabe, who was once a teacher at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, arrived here from the country last week. She is going to California before long.

An exciting game of foot-ball was played on the grounds of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf at Mt. Airy, last Saturday afternoon, between the crack Institution team and the Pennants of Frankfort. The Institution lads showed their superiority by hard, fast playing. Their backs made brilliant long runs around the ends. The best playing for the school was done by Dix, Schautz, Noble and McAbec. For the visitors, Captain Caster, Gray, Curdin, Davis and Stockweather excelled. Two halves of twenty minutes each were played. Institution won, 28 to 0.

Mrs. Thomas Cunningham was surprised and amused by friends giving her a "package party," at her house last Saturday evening. The movement in aid of the lady was nobly led by Mrs. Washington Houston, and was successfully supported by her friends. Mrs. Cunningham received many good packages. Some laughable games were indulged in through ever-jolly Harry S. Stevenson's management. A nice collation was served before they went home. Those who were there were Mrs. Bertha Siddons and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Edna Cunningham and daughter, Mrs. Meyers and daughter, Mrs. Heffling, Miss Eddie Hinkson, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston and daughter, Miss Hannah P. Wright, Mr. H. S. Stevenson, Miss Crowley, Mr. J. Kolham, Jr., and some other persons whose names slipped from my memory. Every one seemed to have a good time.

Miss Houston, daughter of the late H. H. Houston, donated the sum of fifty dollars to Mrs. M. J. Syle, for the benefit of our church's expense fund.

Mr. Wm. G. Pownall told your correspondent that, for his aged mother's sake, he will go with his wife to England, where they will live with his mother.

THE RECORDER.

BOSTON.

A large audience of the deaf were present at the morning service, conducted by Rev. Mr. Searing, and enjoyed the interesting and impressive address of Professor W. J. Jenkins, of the Hartford School, at St. Andrew's Chapel, Boston, last Sunday.

Dr. Job Williams, the Principal of the Hartford School, has accepted an invitation of the St. Andrew's Mission to be present at St. Andrew's Chapel Sunday morning, December 1st. All are cordially welcome to the services.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet will be pleased to be with his deaf-mute friends in Boston to remember the anniversary of his father's birthday, December 10th.

A grand banquet will take place, at the Crawford House, on Court Street between Brattle and Hanover Streets, Tuesday at 7:45 P.M., December 10th, 1895, under the auspices of the Gallaudet Society—Full particulars in next issue.

Dr. Gallaudet will deliver a lecture to the Gallaudet Society, and its friends Wednesday evening, December 4th, at St. Andrew's Hall, 38 Chambers St., Boston. The following Sunday morning at 10:30, Dr. Gallaudet will preach and Holy Communion will be celebrated at the above chapel.

LECTURE.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will lecture on his European trip, in St. John's Hall, 224 Waverly Place, on Thursday, November 21st, at 8 P.M. Admission, 15 cents. Proceeds to be placed in the hands of Miss Berley to prepare for a Fair, in aid of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, to be held after Easter.

Service for Deaf-Mutes.

AT BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

The Deaf-Mutes of Brattleboro and vicinity are cordially invited to a service in St. Michael's (Episcopal) Church, Brattleboro, on Sunday, November 24th, at 3 P.M.

TRENTON.

Excellent Work Being Done at the School for the Deaf.

TRAINING AND EDUCATING DEAF-MUTES.

How the Pupils Are Taught to Speak --What They Are Trained to Do--Surprising Results Attained--Notes and Sketches.

(From the True American, Oct. 30.)

Yesterday morning a True American scribe visited the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes, which occupies the block bounded by Hamilton and Chestnut Avenues and Kent and Division Streets. The building was originally designed for a Soldiers' Children's Home, has undergone several changes and improvements in the way of sanitary plumbing and other arrangements designed for the comfort and well-being of the inmates.

In this building are located the school rooms, dining hall and dormitories of the little ones committed to the care of the institution. The school rooms are fitted with the most improved and efficient appliances for imparting instruction, the geography room being a model in its way.

It has not been many years since the theory that the deaf could be taught to utter articulate sound was first advanced, and now in this and similar institutions the training of the pupils in articulation is an important part of the curriculum.

Every pupil admitted to the school is tested as to his or her ability to distinguish and imitate sounds, and but few are found who do not possess some degree of aptitude in learning and using the system employed. It is very interesting to observe the manner in which the painstaking and careful teachers instruct the little ones under their charge.

The classes are small, so that each pupil may receive all needed attention from the teacher. Mrs. Rose Keeler had a half dozen boys and girls grouped about her, who have been but six weeks practicing on articulation, and nearly all of them could give the elementary sounds of the consonants quite readily. The vowel sounds are not so readily learned, but they did nicely in that. Miss Florence A. Brown was engaged with what is termed the "conservative" class, that is, those pupils who do not seem to have as active minds as others, and do not learn as readily, but even in this class the boys and girls seemed to be interested in their work.

Miss Adelaide Hendershot is in charge of the second year class. They were being taught to apply what they had learned of the second year class. They were writing of the childish happenings of their school life. The writing and incidents told of were expressed very intelligibly.

In another room presided over by Miss Stokes were a number of large boys and girls, who were studying English history. They could all tell what was said to them by the motion of the speaker's lips and could reply in words that were very readily understood. In reply to a question by Professor Jenkins, one of the boys said he thought the visitor was a "reporter" because he was writing down what he saw. Though they may not possess the sense of hearing, and have not the gift of fluent speech, they are not by any manner of means devoid of intelligence, and their bright eyes and animated countenances are pleasing to watch, as they closely attend to what the teacher is telling them about. When permitted to use the sign language, their fingers fly with a rapidity that is astonishing.

As the lunch hour was at hand, the scribe was taken through the dining hall and culinary department, and the odors were very appetizing indeed. They are given plenty of good, well cooked, wholesome food. The best products of a abattoir and bakery are provided. Anything that does get come up to standard is promptly returned.

The school is divided into three sections, of which during working hours, two are in a classroom at any given time, and one is at work in the industrial department. The working day of the pupils consists of six hours, divided into three periods of two hours each, of which two are in the forenoon and one is in the afternoon. By a system of rotation, changed monthly, the pupils composing each division thus have four hours daily in the class rooms and two hours in the industrial department.

The most pleasant relations appear to exist between the pupils and teachers and authorities, and merited praise for well-doing is never withheld.

The principal errand of the scribe was to visit the industrial building,

which was completed during the past summer, and where the pupils are subjected to a course of manual training in various arts and trades, by which they will be enabled to earn their own living when their school days are over. There is a printing office, shoe shop, carpenter shop, dressmaking shop and sewing room, which are busy hives of industry.

The printing office, under the supervision of Mr. George S. Porter, a former pupil of Prof. Jenkins, is a large, airy and well lighted room. It is supplied with a Cottrell two-revolution, four-roller pony press, a Gordon jobber, paper cutter and an excellent assortment of display and body type, and the work produced by the boys would not suffer in comparison with more pretentious establishments.

The Silent Worker, the monthly publication of the school, is a model of typographical beauty, as to make up and appearance. It is held in esteem among educators of deaf-mutes, and the Volta Bureau at Washington ordered a quantity of the current issue for circulation among educators and scientific men, as a most creditable representation of the beneficial instruction received at this school.

A number of boys who graduated from this department are holding good positions in different parts of the country, and one has started in business for himself with excellent prospects of success.

A small room has been partitioned off from the main office, where a class of six girls are being taught the compositor's art, with very beneficial results. The wood working department occupies two rooms, and is in charge of Mr. M. Graham Hallock, a graduate of the Manual Training High School of Philadelphia. In the large room, besides the working benches, which are of the most approved model, are a fine lathe which can be fitted for two persons to work at, if desired, a scroll saw, a mortiser, and a grindstone. In the stock room is a circular saw, fitted with blades to do all the kinds of work for which such a machine can be utilized.

The Russian system of manual training is followed as the basis of instruction, but the pupils are taught to apply their work to practical ends as soon as they are able to do so.

On the other side of the hall, beginning at the north end, we enter the work room of the shoe department, under Mr. Walter Whalen. This is fitted with benches made to the order of the school, and with heavy frames carrying each three Jacks. These are fitted to the varying height of the workers, and are made extra strong to stand the service required of them. According to the theory of instruction adopted in this school, machinery is introduced only where the hand work which it supplants can be of no practical use. Sewing machines, a roller and splitter, and machines for punching and eyeletting are the only ones used. The boys are taught to cut out patterns and make the shoe by hand, thus learning thoroughly how the shoe is built up, and by these means are being fitted, with a little practice, to work at any branch of the trade and especially becoming expert at mending—a line of work which is always open and which always pays well.

On the second floor the whole east side is devoted to the work of the female pupils in sewing and kindred branches.

At the south end is the mending room, where a skilled employee is kept constantly at work, and classes of girls assist her in rotation, each taking one lesson a week. Next comes the stock room, where everything needed in the sewing department is kept, conveniently arranged. Beyond this is the cutting and fitting room, also fitted up with everything necessary and convenient for its purpose.

The last room on the north is the working room, where classes in sewing, from the most elementary grade up to the making of dresses, are at work in succession for six hours of every school day. The very complete and systematic course of the Teachers' College, New York, has been adopted, and under the tuition of Miss Emma L. Bilbee, who is a practical dressmaker, the girls are making very creditable progress. This room has three sewing machines and turns out a large amount of work.

The work shown the writer on garments made up for use in the school, by the pupils, showed that much care had been bestowed upon it, and many a girl in possession of all her faculties no older than these would not be able to do as well.

The most southerly of the rooms on this side is the room for instruction in drawing and in kindergarten work under the tuition of Mrs. Frances H. Porter. Drawing is taught, not as an accomplishment, but as a means of mental development and of manual training. The aim is to teach the pupil to see accurately, to make the hand follow the command of the will, and to him give another and a valuable medium for expressing the conceptions of his mind.

It serves also a very useful purpose in connection with the other studies of the school. In advanced

classes pupils are required to illustrate by drawings their problems in arithmetic and the objects they study for language or science work. With her little pupils Mrs. Porter uses a course specially adapted to the deaf, one in which the constructive work in paper or in plastic material leads directly to the natural use of language. The objects formed by the pupils are familiar to them and they have many things to say about them. The teacher guides this thought fresh from the child's mind, moulding it into forms of English words, which thus become vastly more real and familiar to the child than when learned as a task.

"Finger-plays," concerted movements and other exercises vary the work, and all are keenly enjoyed.

The gymnasium is located in the basement, and is provided with needed appliances for exercises and physical training.

Dr. Boice, of the State Schools subjects each pupil to a rigid examination for the purpose of determining the sorts of physical training needed to counteract and remedy any apparent physical weakness. He is also conducting a series of experimental examinations with a view of ascertaining whether deafness is due to any structural defects among persons as a class, who are thus afflicted. The dressing rooms, baths, etc., are on the second floor of the building, there being lavatories, shower baths, and lockers for the boys and girls on either side of the hall.

The amusements and sports are not confined to the gymnasium work, as the boys especially enjoy outdoor sports, such as base ball, foot ball, and the like, and they defeat some crack visiting teams.

The health of the school is excellent, and the sanitary arrangements are as nearly perfect as can be. The hospital is in charge of a thoroughly competent nurse, Mrs. Elizabeth V. Smith, and the best of care is taken of those who may be attacked by the ailments common to childhood. The faculty of the school aside from those already mentioned, includes:

Principal, Weston Jenkins, A.M.; Steward, Thomas F. Hearnen; Matron, Mrs. Laurence F. Myers; Supervisor of Boys, B. H. Sharp; Assistant Supervisor, Miss Anna C. Elitzpatrick; Supervisor of Girls, Mrs. Lois M. Swartz; Attending Physician, William S. Lalor, M.D.; Teachers of Academic Department, Rowland B. Lloyd, A.B., Miss Virginia H. Bunting, Miss Estelle Dey, Miss Florence A. Brown, Miss Adelaide A. Hendershot.

The school is maintained by the State, being under the control of the State Board of Education, which is composed of the following: Bond V. Thomas, Millville; George A. Frey, Camden; J. Bingham Woodward, Bordentown; Silas R. Morse, Atlantic City; Jas. Deshler, New Brunswick; T. Frank Appleby, Asbury Park; Steven C. Larson, Hackettstown; Steven Pierson, Morristown; Francis Scott, Paterson; Joseph P. Cooper, Rutherford; James M. Seymour, Newark; James S. Hays, Newark; William R. Barrieklo, Jersey City; Evan Steadman, Hoboken; Benjamin A. Campbell, Elizabeth; James Owens, Montclair.

Officers of the board—James S. Hayes, president; James M. Seymour, vice president; Addison R. Poland, secretary; William S. Hancock, treasurer.

The school is in charge of Professor Weston Jenkins, who was born in Falmouth, Mass., where his family has been established since the settlement of the town in 1660. Descended on both sides from Puritan stock, including Rev. John Robinson, the founder of the original Pilgrim band, and Carver, the first governor of the Plymouth colony.

He was educated at the academies in his native town and in Peacham, Vt., and at Williams College, under President Mark Hopkins, afterwards pursuing special studies at Boston University.

He served during the last winter of the war in the Army of the James.

He taught for a number of years in the New York institution for the deaf and dumb, having charge for the latter part of his term of the High Class. More than twenty of his former pupils are or have been engaged in teaching in deaf-mute schools from New York to Kansas and South Carolina.

Most of his time and thought are given to his work for the deaf, but as a relaxation he has gathered in his home on Hamilton Avenue a small but choice collection of Aldines, Elzvirians and other specimens of early book making. He also has a number of interesting relics of revolutionary and other historical epochs, including a glass from the British privateer Retaliation, captured in 1814 by what the historian Freeman calls "the daring act of Captain Weston Jenkins," an officer of artillery, but like most Cape Cod men, equally at home on land and on water.

He is a Column Lodge, No. 120, F. & A. M., and of the New Jersey Society Sons of the American Revolution, and a vestryman of St. Michael's P. E. Church.

Mr. Thomas F. Hearnen, Steward of the school, is a native of New Brunswick, this State, and was bred

to the trade of carpentry. He is a thorough mechanic, and in the erection of the new industrial building gave valuable service in suggesting and aiding in working out the details. He also planned the plumbing system as at present used in the main building, which is practically perfect in its workings.

For four years he was a clerk in the Custom House at Perth Amboy, acquiring there not only a familiarity and readiness with clerical work, but an accurate knowledge of many matters which stand him in good stead in his present position. He was appointed steward in 1891.

NEWSPAPER DON'TS.

Don't discontinue a paper until you have squared up with it.

Don't misinform a newspaper in order to "get even" with somebody. Do your own fighting.

Don't tell the editor that you detest newspaper notoriety and then get mad if he believes you.

Don't expect a paper to abuse the city government for your especial benefit. Tell your troubles to the police.

Don't abuse a paper unless you pay for it. Borrowers are the greatest fault-finders a newspaper has to contend with.

Don't stop a paper if your three-column contribution is condensed into eight lines. The condenser may have done you a great favor.

Don't get mad if your visitor's name does not appear in the personal columns. Perhaps you did not tell the editor; he's no mind reader.

Don't declare a paper unreliable because an important item contains a grave error. The editor may have gotten his information from your brother.

Don't cuss the editor because his opinions do not conform to yours. If they did he might be at variance with some eight or ten million other persons.

Don't say a paper is "no count" unless you have demonstrated ability to run one yourself. Perhaps you have failed in everything you have tried to do.

Don't delay paying your subscription because it is a small matter. If several thousand other subscribers did the same way it would kill the paper in six months.

Don't get mad if your neighbor's doings are referred to more frequently than your own. Your neighbor uses his mouth. Your modesty may be keeping you in obscurity.

Don't abuse the paper if it uses space in printing something you do not consider worth reading. Those who read that part of the journal may think your favorite matter pure rot. A paper is built to please many—not one.

Don't take a paper from the post-office for five years and then refuse to pay for it, because you never "subscribed for it anyhow." This is thievery, pure and simple. You could have refused it four years and eleven months before.

Don't expect more of the paper than you do for it. If you expect the paper to speak well of you, you must speak well of the paper. Some people say the paper has nothing in it, the editor has no get up, is too old foggy and no enterprise. And yet if the paper would say half that much about them or their business, even though it be true, they would never take the paper again and perhaps never speak to the editor again. "Do unto the paper as you would have it do unto you."

—E.

GETTING THERE.

There are few things that are appreciated in this world more than is the ability "to get there."

No employer is so well satisfied with his helper as when he orders something done and knows it will be done. As a rule the minutiae of the doing is a matter of indifference to the man who wants the thing done. Results are what he is looking for. The employee who sees and acts upon this principle is the one who will be advanced, for he is on the right road to success. While the one who acts upon the principle that he is a machine to be started and stopped, to be fed and oiled, will be left. An employer who tells his man John to put in a new post and fix up the gate on its hinges, does not want to go and hunt up the post, and the spade, and a hinge, and the hammer to drive them, and the screws to put the hinges on with, he expects John to do that. What he does expect the next time he goes out is to see that gate fixed. If John is one who "gets there" he will have it done. When hard times come and the force is to be reduced the employer will look over his list, and will ask himself, whose services can I dispense with? Not John's: I can't spare him. When I tell him I do to anything I know he'll do it. I'll keep him, and raise his wages. There is Peter. I have to look after him too much, he never knows where anything is, nor how to do anything nor what to do first. So I will just let him go, and will save his wages and the board of one; then I can afford to increase old reliability's pay; and John stays. Peter goes and is looking for a job.

He bemoans his fate. He joins the commonwealers. He is against the government. He is down on employers of labor. He "blesses" the corporations. He declares that the government is in the hands of its enemies and the world is out of gear. John keeps right along on in the even course of his way.

Rosa Bonheur and Her Pet Lion.

Rosa Bonheur the French painter, loves the animals she prints, and is in turn adored by them, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. She showed her recent purchase, a magnificent lion, who purred and writhed like a gigantic cat when his owner fearlessly stroked his mighty head. Then, showing the head of a most superb specimen of the African lion transferred to canvas with startling realism, she tells the story of Nero. He was her first pet lion, and was reputed untamably ferocious and lived for several years in the garden at By. At last, one day Rosa Bonheur was about to travel, and disposed of Nero to the Jardin des Plantes. She parted with him reluctantly, for he was a great pet, and would always greet her with a peculiar little note of welcome.

When she returned from her wanderings two years later, she went to see her Nero, and beheld a sad sight. The poor creature had not been so carefully tended as he used to be at By. Ophthalmia had set in, and the splendid brute lay blind and ailing, unheeding the curious crowds that stared at him. Rosa Bonheur watched him for a moment and the called, "Nero." The effect was magical. The lion rose to his feet, uttered his accustomed note of welcome, and sprang toward the well-beloved voice with such impetuosity that the shock against the bars sent the sightless brute rolling, stunned, back on the floor. The great artist took him back, soothed his last days with attendance and petting, and finally he died in her arms at the foot of the staircase at By, his huge paws clinging to his mistress as if imploring her not to forsake him in his death struggle; and his last movement being a feeble attempt to lick the hands that held him with such infinite tenderness. "You see," said Rosa Bonheur, as she meditatively ruffled her new lion's mane, "to be really loved by wild beasts, you must really love them."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Leather tires will in the future be employed on bicycles made for the French army.

California mines have produced \$1,450,000,000 in gold during the past forty-five years.

Broomecorn growers of Central and Western Kansas organized to protect themselves against speculators.

There are 600 natives of Ohio living in Taylor County, Ia. They held their annual reunion this year at Bedford.

George Westinghouse, patentee of the brake that bears his name, has made over \$20,000,000 from his invention.

Since 1888 about 125,000,000 has been invested in the conversion of horse car lines into electric railways and cable roads.

There are 70,000 acres given up to cultivation of oysters along the Long Island Sound front of Connecticut, and the land plants are valued at \$4,000,000.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.
22-7:30 P.M., Auburn, 8 West Lake Ave.
23-7:30 P.M., Oswego.
24-Christ Church, Binghamton.
24-10:45 A.M., Holy Communion.
24-2:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
24-7:30 P.M., Trinity Church, Elmira.
25-7:30 P.M., Watkins.
25-7:30 P.M., Geneva.
Address: Rev. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.
23-Saturday at 8 P.M., Lecture Laconia, N. H.
24-10:30 A.M., Nashua, N. H.
30-Saturday at 7:30 P.M., Lecture at Portland School house for the Deaf, Portland, Me.

DECEMBER.
1-10:30 A.M., St. Luke's Chapel, Portland.
1-2:30 P.M., Second Parish, Portland.
EDWIN W. FRISBEE, 82 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.
17-7:00 P.M., Cleveland, Special Service.
24-11 A.M., St. Louis, Holy Communion.
24-3 P.M., St. Louis, Evening Prayer and Sermon.
29-7:30 P.M., Joliet, Evening Prayer and Sermon.
30-8 P.M., Chicago, Lecture.

DECEMBER.
1-10:30 A.M., Chicago, Holy Communion and Sermon.
1-3 P.M., Chicago, Evening Prayer and Sermon.
2-7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Rev. Mr. Mann's address is Gambier, Ohio.

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MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The 108th Anniversary OF THE BIRTH OF THOMAS H. GALLAUDET WILL BE CELEBRATED ON December 10, 1895 (Particulars Later.)

Grand Annual Reception OF XAVIER DEAF-MUTE UNION (Young Men Branch) At 7th Ave., bet. 14th and 16th Sts. Thanksgiving Eve, Nov. 27, at 8 p.m. Tickets, Admitting gent and lady and with hat check, 50 cents. Refreshments and Music. Committee—McManus, Malloy, Ford.

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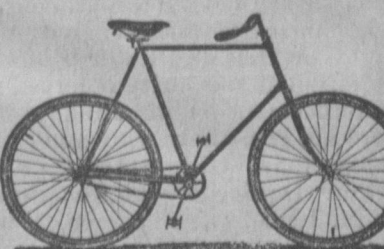
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